

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:  
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,  
To resalute his Country with his teares,  
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,  
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,  
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.  
Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes,  
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,  
Behold the poore remaine alieue and dead!  
These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:  
These that I bring vnto their latest home,  
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.  
Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:  
*Titus* vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,  
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vaburied yet,  
To houer on the dreadfull shore of *Stix*?  
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

*They open the Tombe.*

There greeke in silence as the dead are wont,  
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:  
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,  
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,  
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

*Luc.* Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*,  
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile  
*Adrianus fratrum*, sacrifice his flesh:  
Before this earthly prison of their bones,  
That so the shadowes be not vnappes'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

*Tit.* I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,  
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

*Luc.* Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,  
Victorious *Titus*, see the teares I shed,  
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:  
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,  
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.  
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome  
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne  
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoke,  
But must my Sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,  
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?  
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,  
Were piety in thine, it is in these:

*Andronicus*, slaine not thy Tombe with blood.  
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?  
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.  
Sweet mercy is Nobilitie true badge,  
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

*Tit.* Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.  
These are the Brethren, whom you *Gothes* beheld  
Alieue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,  
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:  
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,  
To appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him, and make a fire straight,  
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

*Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.*

*Tamo.* O cruell irreligious piety.

*Chi.* Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome.

*Alarbus* goes to rest, and we suruiue,  
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening lookes,  
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,  
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy  
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge  
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,  
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of *Gothes*,  
(When *Gothes* were *Gothes*, and *Tamora* was Queene)  
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

*Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.*

*Luci.* See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd  
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbes are lopt,  
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.  
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,  
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*  
Make this his latest farewell to their soules.

*Flourish.*

*Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.*  
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,  
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,  
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:  
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,  
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,  
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,  
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

*Enter Lavinia.*

*Lavi.* In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,  
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:  
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,  
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:

And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy  
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.  
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,  
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind Rome,  
That hast thus louingly referu'd  
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,  
*Lavinia* liue, out-lie thy Fathers dayes:  
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

*Marc.* Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,  
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome,  
*Tit.* Thanks Gentle Tribune,  
Noble brother *Marcus*.

*Marc.* And welcome! Nephews from successfull wars,  
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:  
Faile Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,  
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.

But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,  
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,  
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.  
*Titus Andronicus*, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,  
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,  
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,  
And name thee in Election for the Empire,  
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:  
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,  
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her Glorious body fits,  
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:

What

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,  
Be ehofen with proclamations to day,  
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,  
And set abroad new businesse for you all.  
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,  
And led my Countries strength successfull,  
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,  
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,  
In right and Service of their Noble Countrie:  
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,  
But not a Scepter to controule the world,  
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

*Marc.* *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.  
*Sat.* Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

*Titus.* Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

*Sat.* Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not  
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:  
*Andronicus* would thou wert shipt to hell,  
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

*Luc.* Proud *Saturninus*, interrupter of the good  
That Noble minded *Titus* means to thee.

*Tit.* Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee  
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

*Bas.* *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee  
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:  
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?  
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men  
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and Noble Tribune's heere,  
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,  
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

*Tribunes.* To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,  
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,  
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,  
Lord *Saturninus*, whose Vertues will I hope,  
Reflekt on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,  
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:

Then if you will elect by my aduise,  
Crown him, and say: Long liue our Emperour.

*Marc.* An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,  
Patricians and Plebeians we Create  
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour:

And say, Long liue our Emperour *Saturninus*.  
A long Flourish till they come downe.

*Sat.* *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Fauours done,  
To vs in our Election this day,  
I giue thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,  
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness:

And for an Onset *Titus* to aduance  
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,  
*Lavinia* will I make my Emperesse,  
Romes Royall Mistis, Mistis of my hart  
And in the Sacred *Patrum* her espouse:

Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?  
*Tit.* It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,  
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,  
And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturninus*,  
King and Commander of our Common-weale;

The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,  
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,  
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:  
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,  
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

*Sat.* Thanks Noble  
How proud I am of thee  
Rome shall record, and w  
The least of these vnpea  
Romans forget your Fea

*Tit.* Now Madam an  
To him that for you Hon  
Will vse you Nobly and

*Sat.* A goodly Lad  
That I would choose, w  
Cleere vp Faire Queene  
Though chance of warre  
Hath wrought this chang  
Thou com'st not to be m  
Princely shall be thy v  
Rest on my word, and let  
Daunt all your hopes: M  
Can make your Greater  
*Lavinia* you are not displ

*Lau.* Not I my Lord,  
Warrants these words in  
*Sat.* Thanks sweete  
Ransomlesse heere we fet  
Proclaime our Honors L

*Bas.* Lord *Titus* by y  
*Tit.* How fir? Are yo  
*Bas.* I Noble *Titus*,  
To doe my selfe this reaso

*Marc.* *Suum cuiquam*  
This Prince in Iustice cea  
*Luc.* And that he will  
*Tit.* Traitors auant, w  
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia*

*Sat.* Surpris'd, by wh  
*Bas.* By him that iust  
Beare his Betroth'd, from  
*Muri.* Brothers helpe  
And with my Sword Ile k

*Tit.* Follow my Lord,  
*Muri.* My Lord you p  
*Tit.* What villaine Be  
*Muri.* Helpe *Lucius* he

*Luc.* My Lord you ar  
In wrongfull quarrell, yo  
*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he  
My sonnes would neuer f  
Traitor restore *Lavinia* to

*Luc.* Dead if you will  
That is anothers lawfull

*Enter also the Emper*  
*Sonnes, a*

*Empe.* No *Titus*, no, th  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any  
He trust by Leifure him th

Thee neuer: nor thy Tray  
Confederates all, thus to d  
Was none in Rome to ma  
But *Saturninus*? Full well  
Agree these Deeds, with t

That said'st, I beg'd the E  
*Tit.* O monstrous, what  
*Sat.* But goe thy wayes

To him that flourish for  
A Valliant sonne-in-law  
One, fit to bandy with thy